

random memories from the 70's: my penguin refridgerator (2009)

It came from a garage sale down the street. It stood about four feet tall and was made out of plastic. A penguin it was, white and blue. It's tummy opened up to reveal two shelves inside. I think it was originally a part of somebody's pretend kitchen set or something. I loved it.

I guess I was about 7 or 8 when I got it. I remember the day I put it in my room. I sat there on my golden shag carpet and stared it down. I felt a strange new feeling well up inside me: independence.

Yes. I began to feel like a grown up before I even put anything inside of it. I sat there on my floor and stared at the empty shelves, imagining how the items I chose from the real kitchen would look inside of my Penguin Refridgerator.

I waited until after dinner, then made my move. Bread and cookies, peanut butter and jelly. Boxed raisins. An apple, maybe.

I decided on that day that I was only going to eat in my own room from that point on. I was a free agent.

But not for long. My mother discovered the missing food the next day and made me put it all back. But I remembered the feeling of having my own food, and my own appliance.

To this day I feel like my own hero when I have these things. In some ways, I never grew up. I used to think some of my former boyfriends were true showcases of arrested development, but the older I get, the more I realize how many things in life I continue to view through a child's eyes. I don't mean to. It just happens.

I still sit on the floor each morning to get ready, like I did when I was in high school. My makeup and hair things sit in little ceramic containers that surround the big mirror that stands in the corner. I've always done that, you can move around that way. My mom sits at her vanity dresser that she's had since she was a teen, I guess it makes her feel special or something, but I can't bring myself to sit still for an hour each morning.

I still like sleeping on the floor. I still find myself intimidated by money, making big and important purchases, and big tall men. I'm almost 40. I don't see myself changing anytime soon. I think I might be permanently seared into the same mindset I had when I was 18.

Actually come to think of it, that could very much be the case with me, psychologically, all things considered. But that's another story for another day.